1:Campbell E-5 (1954-1955)1964
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Zagori

121 114 It follows that this is in no sense a complete ethnographic account of even one community of Sarakatsani, let alone a survey of Sarakatsan culture in general. Mme Chatzimichalis has published the first volume of a work which will represent, when it is completed, the fullest possible account of Sarakatsan folklore and material culture. It is a pleasure to acknowledge my debt to her work which goes far beyond the few references noted in this book. Where there appear to be disagreements between us these are generally accounted for by the circumstance that, as a folklorist, Mme Chatzimichalis' object is to describe Sarakatsan life and culture in its most traditional form. My own study, on the other hand, is concerned with only certain aspects of a particular community of Sarakatsani as I discovered it in 1954 and 1955.

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128 114 Various incidents in this book describe the illegal acts of some individuals, or the social humiliation of others; and most of the information I received from Sarakatsani was certainly regarded by them as confidential. I have therefore taken what steps I can to cover personal identities. Although I lived among Sarakatsani in a number of villages in Zagori, the greater part of the material used in this study concerns the Sarakatsani who graze the land of one particular village in central Zagori. To this village I have given the fictitious name of Neochori. Similarly I have changed all personal names.

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122 It is impossible, unfortunately, to acknowledge all the many instances of help and hospitality I have received at various times. There are original debts of gratitude to Mr. W. A. Camps who persuaded the Ministry of Education to support my research when they had virtually decided otherwise; and to my father who supplemented this grant at times of crisis to make it barely possible to carry out the necessary fieldwork. At an early moment of indecision in Greece I received a letter from Professor E. E. Evans-Pritchard which advised me to join the Sara-
128 katsani. In retrospect, I owe much to this. I have to thank Dr. J. G. Peristiany for his constant encouragement, and for many discussions which have radically affected the form of this book particularly in connexion with my analysis of Sarakatsan values. My gratitude is due to Dr. J. M. Beattie and Dr. Rodney Needham who read the manuscript and offered many invaluable criticisms and suggestions. I also wish to thank Sir Maurice

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I

HISTORICAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION

1. VLACHS

In continental Greece north of Corinth the observant traveller is soon aware of communities of Greek-speaking transhumant shepherds known as Sarakatsani (Σαρακατσάνοι, or Σαρακατσαναῖοι). In the plains it is unnecessary even to leave the main roads to see small groups of circular, domed, huts of wood and thatch, or flocks of sheep and goats guarded by shepherds dressed in rough black suits and immense goat-hair capes woven from the fleeces of their own animals. From May until the first days of November these semi-nomad shepherds graze their considerable flocks on the higher slopes of the mountains, generally 3,000–6,000 feet above sea level; during the remainder of the year they live in the coastal plains. Simple facts of climate and relief, snow on the high ground in winter, in the summer burning heat in the plains, encourage this transhumance in a geographical area physically dominated by the ranges of the Pindus massif and the southern extremity of the Rhodope mountains. Epirus, Thessaly, Macedonia, and Thrace are the provinces in which they are most numerous but communities are found further south in continental Greece and some groups are established in the north of the Peloponnese and Euboea. In the whole of Greece their number, perhaps, approaches eighty thousand,[1] a population which was possibly absolutely greater a hundred years ago, but was certainly relatively more considerable as a fraction of the total inhabitants of the area.

The Greek villagers generally refer to the Sarakatsani simply as Vlachs (βλάχοι), that is shepherds who, in step with the rhythm of the seasons, lead their animals alternately down to the plains and up to the mountains. The occupational reference of the word, Vlach,[2] is an old one, already in use during the Byzantine period.

[1] Mme Chatzimichalis arrives at a total of 81,473. Ἀγγελικὴ Χατζημιχάλη, Σαρακατσάνοι, Athens, 1957, vol. i, Part A, p. νβ'.

[2] See e.g. Anna Comnena, Ed. Bonn., i, p. 395. One of a number of references quoted by Mme Chatzimichalis, op. cit., vol. i, Part A, p. κ'.

1:Campbell E-5 (1954-1955)1964
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Byzantine period. But it may also be used, in its original and more specific sense, to describe Koutsovlachs (Κουτσοβλάχοι) an ethnic minority group speaking a romance language akin to Rumanian, or the related groups of Albanian Vlachs ('Αρβανιτοβλάχοι) who are trilingual, speaking the Koutsovlach language as their mother tongue and Greek and Albanian for political and commercial reasons. These different connotations of the word, Vlach, have led to some confusion, which has been all the greater because many Koutsovlachs lead a transhumant shepherd life, identical in its general outline with that of the Sarakatsani. To the uninitiated eye they may appear to dress alike, to build the same type of thatched hut, and many of their communities graze their flocks in areas of the Pindus mountains neighbouring on those used by the Sarakatsani. The result has been that many nineteenth-century travellers, and even some Greek observers, failed to realize the existence of the Sarakatsani and imagined that all 'nomad' shepherds were Koutsovlachs of one kind or another.

But although many Koutsovlachs are transhumant shepherds, many are not. For instance, in the eastern half of the Zagori district in Epirus, a majority of the Koutsovlach villagers make their living from timber and agriculture. Probably since the sixteenth century[3] a considerable number of Koutsovlachs have been established in their own villages in the high Pindus. They have pretensions to culture, and for generations sons of rich Koutsovlach families have been prepared for commerce, politics, and the professions. In these respects the Koutsovlachs differ from the Albanian Vlachs who, in so far as they continue to be recognized as 'Albanian', are generally concerned only with shepherding. Some of these Albanian Vlachs have grazing areas close to the Albanian frontier which until 1930 they were able to cross in their search for winter pastures.

With both these ethnic minority groups, Koutsovlachs and Albanian Vlachs, the Sarakatsani are culturally contrasted. They speak only Greek; their values, institutions, and art forms are in many respects markedly dissimilar from those of the Koutsovlachs and Albanian Vlachs. They themselves claim that the klephtic heroes Katsandonis and Karaïskakis were

[3] See A. J. B. Wace and M. S. Thompson, *Nomads of the Balkans*, London, 1914, p. 147.

[i.e., The term "Vlachs" -- Analyst]

1:Campbell E-5 (1954-1955)1964
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Sarakatsani, and they believe that in blood and heroism their own contribution to the freedom of Greece was incomparable. At the same time they explicitly question the loyalty of the Koutsovlachs[4] or Albanian Vlachs, accusing them in the recent wars of collaboration or communist affiliations. Although they share a similar type of economy there is no sympathy between Sarakatsani and these other shepherds. They envy the Koutsovlachs for their relative affluence and their established villages. And they are hostile to the Albanian Vlachs, because it is particularly with these groups that many Sarakatsani must compete for the limited areas of winter grazing land. Even the flesh of an Albanian Vlach, they say, does not smell like that of a Christian.[5] Intermarriage with these people is unknown and between the more traditional Sarakatsani and Koutsovlachs it is, at least, very rare.

In recent decades the problem of the origin of the Sarakatsan communities has provoked a considerable amount of writing. Interest was aroused more particularly after the publication in 1925 of a brilliant linguistic study of the Sarakatsan dialect by the Danish scholar, Carsten Höeg.[6] In the opening chapters of this work Höeg gives some ethnographic details of the communities he visited and presents a theory that these shepherds are the descendants of primitive pastoral tribes, which he believes must always have existed in this part of Greece from preclassical times.[7] This view was naturally well received by Greek folklorists and historians. For equally obvious reasons it was strongly disputed by a number of Rumanian writers and publicists, of whom perhaps Theodor Capidan is the best known. Before the 1939–45 war these writers, continuing in a long tradition of Rumanian nationalist propaganda, were eager to stress the relationship between Rumanians and Koutsovlachs. (Indeed, even before the beginning of this century schools had been subsidized by Rumanian funds in the larger Koutsovlach

[4] In fact, from the period of the Revolution the contribution of the Koutsovlachs to the Greek State both in wealth and talent has been very considerable.

[5] Chatzimichalis, op. cit., vol. i, Part A, p. νη'.

[6] Carsten Höeg, *Les Saracatsans*. Étude linguistique, 2 vols., Paris and Copenhagen, 1925 and 1926.

[7] P. Aravandinos had already made this claim in 1903. Π. Ἀραβαντινός, *Μονογραφία περὶ Κουτσοβλάχων*, Athens, 1903, p. 38.

2:Fermor T-3,4 (no date) 1962 EH14 Sarakatsani EH14

THE ATLANTIC EXTRA

THE BLACK DEPARTERS

An Adventure in Greece

BY PATRICK LEIGH FERMOR

1/4 *Patrick Leigh Fermor was one of two young British officers who led one of the most spectacular individual exploits of World War II. Wearing the uniform of German noncoms, they kidnapped a German general, hid him in the hills of Crete, eluded weeks of search by the Germans, and delivered him to* [101] *the British command at Cairo. Here Mr. Fermor tells of his adventures with the Sarakatsáns, a group of nomads who wander over northern Greece.*

[p. 73-A]

pompon covering the front of the foot. The thick soles were clouted, and the nails grated underfoot. Gazing straight ahead, he loped along the middle of the road, as though to keep as far as possible from the contaminating houses. A long shepherd's staff, whose crook was a tortuously carved wooden snake, was laid across his shoulders. His arms were looped over it in the cruciform position in which many mountaineers carry their crooks and their guns. He was a Sarakatsán. Heads turned as he passed, and the smack of cards and the clatter of backgammon counters died down for a few moments. I got up and dogged his steps at a discreet distance.

Sarakatsáns have always filled me with awe. I first saw these primeval Greek nomads years ago when I was walking across Bulgaria, on my way to Constantinople. A gathering of beehive-shaped huts were scattered over the wintry hills slanting to the Black Sea. Brushwood folds ran up the green slopes, and thousands of shaggy black goats and sheep grazed over the rainy landscape, their heavy bronze bells filling the air with a many-toned and harmonious jangle. Here and there among them, like dark monoliths under the wheeling crows, their herdsmen leaned on their lance-long crooks; their faces were almost lost in the deep hoods of high-shouldered goat's-hair capes that

reached to the ground, capes of so coarse a weave and so stiff with rain that they looked as though their incumbents could almost step forth and leave them standing like sentry boxes. I next saw them in March the following year, when I was riding across Greek Macedonia and stayed a night in one of their smoky wigwams. Since then I had seen them again and again, all over northern Greece, in the plains in winter and in the mountains in summer, but always on the skyline or in the middle distance. True nomads, these self-appointed Ishmaels hover on the outskirts of ordinary Greek life as fleetingly as a mirage, only manifesting themselves to ordinary mortals in far-away glimpses. Suddenly, at a ravine's twist far from the scorched lowlands, one comes across their impermanent hamlets of conical huts on high ledges of the Pindus and the Rhodope mountains and in the sierras of Roumeli; and in winter, gazing down from the snows that have banished them, one can discern their clustering huts in the plains, the ascending smoke, and the slowly grazing flocks.

Every spring their beasts and their long caravans of horses, laden with all they possess, can be seen winding up into the thawed mountains, or halted around a sudden village of somber tents, to stream downhill again later to the withered autumnal plains which the rains will soon turn green. One discovers them binding lopped branches and osier twigs into the hemispherical skeletons of the huts which will house them for the season; shelters whose blackened and molting thatch will later mark where they have settled for a few months and vanished from again. Sometimes a far-off barking and the murmur of bells hint at their presence deep in the ilex woods or along a dazzling canyon where nothing stirs except, perhaps, a pair of floating eagles. Besides these rare apparitions, this fugitive community of about eighty thousand souls and of flocks amounting to several million head seems to have the gift of invisibility.

UNLIKE the seminomads of Greece — the Koutzovlachs and the Karagounis, who all have mountain villages from which to migrate and to which they return after their half-yearly journeys in search of winter pasture — the Sarakatsáns have nothing more solid than their abodes of wicker and rush. All of them, however, look to some range of mountains, some fold or cordillera where they have grazed their flocks for centuries of summers, as their home. Their lowland pastures are more variable, an uncertain sojourn with few claims on their allegiance. At the turn of the century the Sarakatsáns of northern Greece were the

175 nomads with the widest range of migration. The
221 sudden cage of new frontiers which sprang up
131 after the Balkan Wars failed to confine them, and they would fan out in autumn, from Epirus and Macedonia, all over southern Albania and across the lower marches of Serbia as far as Montenegro and Herzegovina and Bosnia and into Bulgaria, to the foothills of the great Balkans.

Those Sarakatsáns who thought of the Rhodope Mountains as their home were particularly bold in the extent of their winter wanderings. Not only would they expand northward, as they had in those first outposts which I saw years ago along the coasts of the Black Sea, but before the Hebrus River became the inviolable border of Turkey their autumnal caravans would reach Constantinople, and up would go their wigwams under the walls of Theodosius. Others would settle along the shores of the Sea of Marmara, looking out toward the islands of the Propontis. Yet others would spread over the rich green hills of the Dardanelles, and many would cross the Hellespont and pitch their camps on the plain of Troy. The boldest of all would continue their journey to the meadows of Bithynia, wintering there among the poplar trees, or pushing on further into Cappadocia as far as Caesaraea, scattering their flocks across the volcanic wildernesses around the empty rock monasteries of Ürgüb, or even as far as Iconium, the home of Jellalludin and the metropolis of the whirling dervishes.

195 Enormous though these journeys were, they
131 were scarcely looked upon as expatriation; for,
221 until the mass deracination of the 1920s, much of Asia Minor was still part of the Greek world, and
● 101 even beyond its confines, ancient Greek colonies, established for thousands of years but reduced by the later tide of invading Seldjuk Turks to scattered islets of Hellenism, still survived and prospered. There the invisible frontiers of nomadism overlapped and dovetailed into those of other pastoral wanderers, the Yourouks, autochthonous Anatolian shepherds who had grazed their flocks over the hinterland of Asia Minor for centuries before the Turks arrived there and even made return migrations, now and then, as far as Macedonia. No wonder some of the aura of a fable hangs about these men.

123 So strong is this aura for me that a quarter of an hour after catching a glimpse of this isolated Sarakatsán I was sitting at the table next to him, among the smithies and harness makers, on the outskirts of the town where old artisans settled down to quiet nargilehs after quitting work. I watched him order and drink a coffee, and

had pocketed our tickets, we watched him work his perilous way along the duckboard of the corridorless train like a cat burglar. A large open cattle car was hitched to the rear of the train. A sound of raucous singing was carried along the line, and a blue flag whirled overhead on a long pole. The conductor, settling in our carriage for a chat on his return journey, confirmed what we had surmised. "Yes, it's a Sarakatsán bridegroom on his way to a wedding up at Sikarayia. They've been drinking for days." When we pulled up at the next wayside halt, the whole party leaped, shouting and singing, to the platform, the banner aswirl, and bore down on a small group waiting under an acacia tree. The white-clad groom and his cronies returned a few moments later, carrying the bride, who was attired in a stiff black and white costume of angular and Aztec strangeness, by her elbows. She sailed along the platform with the passivity of a sacred image being transported from shrine to shrine. As the shaft of the standard-bearer's banner careered past, I saw that it was topped by a pomegranate, and the same fertility symbol was affixed to the top and the two arms of a beribboned wooden cross. When they were all aboard, the groom's party fired their guns into the sky, and singing and intermittent firing accompanied the rest of the journey.

"*Paraxenoi anthropoi*," vouchsafed the conductor, after clicking his tongue censoriously a dozen times. "Odd people —" They did seem a contrast to the lofty Victorian stateliness of our carriage. He told us that the groom was the son of a great *tsellingas* — the head of a clan, as it were, of Sarakatsán shepherds — in fact, an *architsellingas*, called Kósta Zogas, who wintered at Sikarayia and pastured his sheep in the Rhodope Mountains in summer, not far from the flocks of the bride's father, another *architsellingas*, called Vrysas, who wintered near Souphli, along the banks of the Hebrus. "You'd think," he went on, "when you see them in their rush hovels and their old capes, that they were poor. Not a bit of it! They've got pots of money. Literally pots. They fill up pitchers with gold sovereigns, and bury them — no one knows how many — whole fortunes in the ground."

Sikarayia turned out to be a village of beautifully thatched Sarakatsán huts. Giant beehives swelled and tapered in tiers of cropped reed which overlapped with the precision of the plating on armadilloes' backs, and all of them were topped by wooden crosses near holes in the thatch through which thin blue smoke curled. Black-clad Sara-

192 233 is at the Feast of the Annunciation, "when the first cuckoo is heard"? Such were the topics that boomed about the room.

233 221 103 [494] Barba Petro pointed out the celebrities: "Uncle George over there, with only one eye — he's one of the biggest *tsellingas* in the Rhodope. Over ten thousand sheep and goats he's got, and I expect this is the first time he's been inside a house. The one talking to him is ninety-three, and he used to pasture his flocks near Saranta Ekklesies, or Forty Churches — Kirk Kilisse, the Turks call it — away, away beyond Adrianople. Then, after the [648] Balkan Wars, the Turks closed the frontier, so now he builds his winter huts along the coast, west of here, below Xanthi. The other one, with a scar on his forehead, used to winter between Haskovo and Stara Zagora — wonderful grass! — but now, what with the Bulgars, the horn wearers, he's had to look elsewhere. I had a few, but good ones. I used to graze them not far from Kios, in Bithynia, near Nicaea, on the Asian coast. That was years ago. Caïques sailing past in the Sea of Marmara could hear my bells. But the Rhodope is where we all belong."

101 I asked him what the name "Sarakatsán" meant, saying that I had heard it was really *Karakatchani*, a Turkish word meaning "the black ones who depart" or "the black departers." He shut his eyes and flung back his head, clicking his tongue in the negative. "No, no. That's not right. [173] We don't know, but some people say we get our name from the village of Syrako, in Epirus, and that Aly Pasha burned the place down and drove us away and left us wandering ever since." I said 101 Syrako was a Koutzovlach village. Uncle Petro 186 testily stabbed the butt of his crook into the mat several times. "I don't know anything about that. *We are Greeks*. Nothing to do with the Koutzovlachs. Who knows where they come from? You can't understand them when they are talking among themselves. People are always getting us mixed up, because we both wear black and graze [582] flocks. We keep clear of them. You'll never get a Sarakatsán marrying a Koutzovlach. Let alone a Karagouni. *Po, po, po!*" At the mention of these other tribes, he caught the hem of his jacket between finger and thumb in a Panhellenic gesture of squeamish disdain, and shook it lightly to and fro as though to rid it of dust and vermin.

585 262 [252] 263 The reiterated song of welcome, after gradually swelling in volume as the room filled with guests, had stopped long ago. Low circular tables, laid with glasses and with communal dishes of roasted steaming lamb, skillfully hacked from the carcasses turning outside and sprinkled with rock salt, were

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181 by sun, wind, rain, snow, and hail. They give more than an impression, during their occasional descents to the lowlands, of their enemies the wolves, and, still more, of eagles. They live beyond the reach of the authorities, and the division between pastoral life and lawlessness is often vague. They spell, in fact, independence and inviolacy. Wherever they are to be found in the Greek peninsula, these mountaineers represent exemption; and the most unhampered and nonconformist of all, except for their private and tribal straitjackets of untransgressable behavior, are the Sarakatsáns. They belong to an older and shaggier scene than the Arcadian dream and Greek Sicily. They predate and survive both the idyll and the eclogue.

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[101] I first caught a glimpse of them in December, when I was nineteen, on the Black Sea coast of Bulgaria between Varna and Burgas, and I saw them again in early spring four months later near
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[669] the Struma River in Macedonia, during the Venizelist revolution of 1935, after the battle at the bridge of Orliàko.

For reasons I will not describe here, I found myself trotting eastward through the late March afternoon along the road to Serres and Drama, on a borrowed horse with a friendly squadron of light cavalry in the victorious army of General Kondylis. We were slightly in advance of the main royalist army, which, with its cannon and infantry and trucks and wagons and baggage train, snaked away behind us in a long loop of dust. The march had turned into something of a carnival. After the musketry fire from both banks of the river and shelling from the hills behind and a minimum of casualties on either side, resistance had caved in and our opponents were surrendering or dispersing eastward. The day had culminated, for my new friends and for me, in the moment when they had actually drawn their sabers and galloped thunderously and bloodlessly across the wooden bridge of Orliàko against an already vanished enemy, in the nearest any of us would ever get to a cavalry charge. Buoyed up along the road by exhilaration and relief, my companions were singing music-hall songs from Athens. Unslinging their
S
[361] carbines, they took potshots from the saddle at the birds on the telegraph lines. Suddenly, beyond the heads of all these cheerful horsemen, on a high wooded ridge about three miles away, loomed a string of those dark wigwams that had interested me in December, and I decided to defect from my companions for a night and (one horseman moving faster than an army) catch up with them next day by shortcuts across the mountains. After lighthearted farewells and shouted rendezvous for drinking together in Serres and Drama and Komotini, I watched them jingle away with their

3: Kabbadias--5 E-4,5 (no date) 1965 EH14 Sarakatsani EH14

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• Geographical sites where our investigation was carried out [are indicated by numbered dots.]

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1
Sara Katsáni
EH14
Vlachs EH15

differ linguistically. Part of the lure of this Epirus trip was learning more about these people and their way of life.

I had already seen their rounded branch and reed huts, surrounded by wattled sheepfolds, put up either in some isolated, sheltered spot or at the edge of some village I was visiting. Although in Greece they do not number more than ten to twelve thousand families, they stand out picturesquely wherever they are. The men are dressed in tight-fitting black felt trousers and a black waistcoat and usually carry a black hip-length cape slung over their shoulder. They wear a round brimless lambskin cap (*kalpaki*). Many of the nomad women, in contrast to most of the Greek peasant women who now wear variations of Western dress, still keep to their heavy pleated homespun skirts, thick wool stockings, and wide leather belt.

Even such generalizations on dwelling and clothing are dangerous, for there are different nomadic groups. From many conversations with the nomads themselves as well as with others familiar with them, I was able to draw up tentative distinctions. On the basis of language, one can easily divide them into three groups. There are Koutso-Vlachs (the Lame Vlachs) who speak a Latin tongue in the home, although most of them, particularly the men, know Greek; the Arvunito-Vlachs (also called Karagouni because of the black cape they wear) who speak Albanian among themselves, although they still understand the Latin language of the Koutso-Vlachs from whom they derive; and the Sarakatsani, said not to be Vlach at all, who speak Greek as their only language. Many informants told me that the Sarakatsani were among the "purest Greeks" because they had practiced endogamy.

Another way of dividing the nomads is on the basis of type of settlement. The Karagouni and the Sarakatsani are called Skenites (literally, "tent dwellers"), for they do not usually have permanent homes either at their summer or their winter encampment. They build their reed huts anew each year or patch up those that remain usable from the previous year. The Koutso-Vlachs as well as the Greek peasants who practice transhumance (like those of Valtetsi) usually have a permanent village which they call home. In some interviews I found that the Koutso-Vlachs considered their winter home as the permanent settlement and the summer pastures the encampment; but most evidence seemed to indicate the reverse to be true.

The origin of these Koutso-Vlachs is one of the great ethnic puzzles of the Balkans, for their Latin tongue, although greatly corrupted by words from other Balkan languages, follows the four conjugations of ancient Latin. As in most riddles of this sort, nationalistic interests have led to several extravagant claims. Some of the modern Rumanians, chiefly in the old provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, looked to the south across Bulgaria and what is now Yugoslavia to claim these Romance-language shepherds as long lost brothers to be reunited with the "homeland." They advanced

1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1
Vlachs EH15
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health. A third effect is that agriculture is almost impossible and is in consequence despised. Finally, home comforts must be portable. That is why an abundance of rugs, blankets, carpets, and cushions seen in these migrations is a sign of wealth.

But what of the Sarakatsani, the Greek-speaking group? [10] Already on a recent drive between Thebes, Lamia, and Volos, cities in Boeotia and Thessaly, I had looked down from the winding mountain roads into their small winter settlements of conical reed huts and circular reed sheepfolds. As we had passed we found the men and boys with their flocks not far from the road. We stopped to pass the time of day.

"How is the pasture this year?"

"Not very good" was the cautious reply.

"Are you Koutso-Vlachs or Sarakatsani?"

"We are Sarakatsani, but we also are Greeks."

Nearer Volos we found that the Sarakatsani, who originally had their huts just on the outskirts of the village, had settled down, building permanent homes. It was a striking contrast to see the reed hut a few feet away from the square mud-brick and mud-plaster house and to know that in case the family got too large some of the members would retire to the old hut and get along very well.

It was in Kalpaki, however, a settlement beyond Ioannina toward the Albanian border, at the edge of the Iron Curtain, that we enjoyed true Sarakatsani hospitality. Actually a Greek peasant village, its members had been increased by the forty Sarakatsani families settling there since the war, primarily to take advantage of the land left untilled by people moving away from disturbed frontier conditions. These forty families really had another village, Kato-Pethini, one-and-a-half-hours walking distance farther up the mountains, where they had their stone houses — something exceptional for those supposed to be Skenites (tent dwellers). Since they were working the fields around Kalpaki, it was here they now lived all the year around, apparently content with their reed houses, most of which followed a rectangular pattern rather than the more common circular shape. The women handled most of the agricultural tasks, but the men went back to the old Kato-Pethini with the flocks and returned to Kalpaki every ten or fifteen days for a change of clothing and a bath. Konstantin, a twenty-two-year-old youth whom we found grazing his sheep around the edges of the cultivated Kalpaki fields, had come down below with his flock for that purpose.

He invited us into the hut to meet his mother and sisters. We first entered the anteroom of the simple reed structure, from which chickens flew out as we came in. There we saw the woolly puppies that would grow up to be the menacing sheep dogs so necessary for the shepherd when alone with his flock. There also was the inevitable water barrel and near the cooking hearth the *ghastra*, the dome-shaped cover that is like a dutch oven. We